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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

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SOPHIE CRUVELLI.

SOPHIE CRUVELLI has taken Munich by storm, and has turned the heads of all the inhabitants. Without hyperbole, Sophie has created a veritable furor, and the leading journals have been as lavish and enthusiastic in her praise as were even the Parisian, who elevated her to the highest pinnacle of fame—among whom (the journalists), Theophile Gautier, the serene, and the caustic Fiorentino. In two characters of a widely different stamp; in music of an entirely opposite class; in the Rosina of Rossini's *Barbiere*, and the Lucrezia of Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*—has Sophie Cruvelli taken captive her hearers, and bound them in the magic spell of her genius. It were idle to iterate the old tale of an operatic triumph; to enumerate the encores, the recalls, the bouquets and appearances; to hint at the bravos and expressions of delight—too numerous to catch, save by some mental stenographic daguerreotype process; to detail the points and beauties of performances, the looks and graces, the miens and motions, and all the etceteras that wait as *ancillæ* on the queen of song. Enough, Sophie was prized and fêted, and will leave an impression behind her, never to be effaced from the memory of him or her who had the fortune to hear her.

But it was not to rejoice and lift our voice over Sophie Cruvelli's success at Munich—of which we never for a moment entertained the slightest doubt—that we have taken up pen to speak of Sophie Cruvelli. A sadder task is ours; to lament over the hopelessness of hearing her in London next season. Yes, Sophie Cruvelli flies from us, and takes refuge in the arms of Austria, driven from us, not by Mr. Lumley—whose standard, while a rag remained, Sophie would never have deserted—but by Mr. Lumley's aristocratic committee of management, whose first managerial act was to quarrel with the principal support of the theatre, and exasperate her into flight. Sophie was not to be treated with indignity, even by the denizens of May Fair. Norma could not brook contempt, even from lordlings, and titled M.P.'s, or M.T.'s; Leonora could not endure indifference, nor Elvira suffer slight, nor—in short, Amina “pay her way,” without the necessary supplies. Because she had been treated with indignity, because contempt had been shown to her, because she could not endure indifference, nor suffer slight, and because—in short (or rather, in long, since she waited so long a time), the necessary supplies had not been sent her, Sophie fled like a beautiful vision in the night, to come back no more. Worse

than all, there is no hope of Sophie returning to London for some time. Mr. Lumley naturally feels indignant that he should have lost the brightest star of his hemisphere, and as Sophie persists in not joining the company at Her Majesty's Theatre, while it remains under the cross-barred influence of aristocratic managery, and is likely to remain, and Mr. Lumley will unquestionably do all in his power to prevent her appearance elsewhere—meaning the Royal Italian Opera, the wherelse only she would think of appearing—the chances are against our hearing Sophie Cruvelli in London for some years. Let us be patient and hope.

In the meantime, what is Mr. Lumley, or, rather, his chequered committee, to do next year in the absence of Sophie Cruvelli? Where can they find one to supply her place? Jenny Lind alone, in one respect, could make amends for her loss. But Jenny Lind—with all due deference to the illustrious nightingale—could not supply the place of Sophie Cruvelli, no more than Sontag could supply that of Malibran. Sophie Cruvelli, we believe, to be the greatest genius of the modern operatic stage, and the only artist destined to fill the vacant throne of Malibran, and those who live will find her yet seated in that “pride of place,” or we are no true prophets, which we occasionally are.

Sophie Cruvelli is engaged at St. Petersburg, in Grisi's place, for the winter; and at Vienna for the next summer season.

It is just possible that we may yet hear Sophie in London next year at Her Majesty's Theatre. We happen to know that Mr. Lumley is *au desespoir* at losing her, and will do all within his power to bring her back. If he prevail, it will be all the better for the success of the theatre. If he prevail not, it will be all the worse.

Pending the settlement of this doubtful question—which may be sooner settled than is generally surmised—we wish every and the greatest success to Sophie Cruvelli both in the City of Snows and the City of Blows—of which we entertain not the shadow of a doubt.

JULLIEN.

JULLIEN has returned to London from his tour in Manyland, and is sounding the note of preparation for his forthcoming series of concerts at Drury Lane Theatre, which commences on Monday week. One of the novelties of the present season will be, we are given to understand, a selec-

tion, vocal, choral, and instrumental, from the maestro's Grand Opera, *Pietro il Grande*. The choral force alone will amount to two hundred. Other novelties of the highest interest, from Jullien's inventive and suggestive brain, may be expected.

FOREIGN RESUME.

PARIS.—With the exception of the production of the *Favorite*, last Monday, there has been no change in the performances at the Grand Opera. The following numbers connected with the representations of Meyerbeer's chefs-d'œuvre may prove interesting to those persons who see some hidden meaning to peculiar concatenations:

The *Prophète* has now been given 111 times

The *Huguenots* " 222 "

The *Robert the Devil* " 333 "

Moïse was announced for Wednesday last. It was to be produced with almost entirely new dresses and scenery, and a greatly increased chorus, as was the case with *Guillaume Tell*. The principal parts have been confided to Messrs. Gueymard, Morelli, and Obin, and Mesdames Laborde, Poinso, and Madlle. Duez.

It is as yet uncertain in what character Madame Bosio, who has recently been engaged as *soprano*, will make her first appearance.

At the Opéra Comique, Mons. Clapisson's new opera has been for some time in rehearsal with full orchestra. It will, most probably, be produced this evening, Saturday.

All the singers are at present perfect in the various parts assigned them in Auber's new opera, which will be put in active rehearsal the moment Mons. Clapisson's work has been produced.

Mons. Grisar has composed a new opera expressly for the Théâtre Lyrique. The libretto is by Mons. de Saint-George, and is drawn from the annals of Fairy-land.

Mons. Georges Bousquet's *Tabarin* will shortly be produced.

Madlle. Ida Bertrand has returned to Paris.

Charles de Bériot has resigned his post as professor of the violin, at the Conservatory of Brussels. He intends settling in Paris.

Ernst is still in Switzerland.

A mass was celebrated for Chopin in the church of the Madeleine on the 19th inst., that day being the anniversary of his death. Some of this celebrated composer's own works were performed on the occasion.

The tenor, Fedor, has thrown up his engagement at Mar-seilles, in order to proceed to Italy, where, it is said, he has obtained very advantageous terms.

Colletti has made his second appearance in *Semiramide*, at the Royal Italian Opera of Madrid. Verdi's *Ernani* has been given at the same theatre with great success.

At the Theatre de la Canobbiana, at Milan, Pedrotti's *Florina* was given, a short time since, for the benefit of the Philharmonic Institute. The performance concluded with the little ballet entitled *Diavoletta*. Ferraris sustained the principal part.

One of the first theatrical agents in Italy, namely, Alexandre Lanari, died lately at Florence. It was he who was chiefly instrumental in introducing to an Italian public, Duprez, Ronconi, Madame Persiani, and a whole host of others too numerous to be mentioned. He is deeply regretted by all who knew him.

The Brothers Müller, of Brunswick, who are so celebrated for their admirable rendering of Beethoven's quartets, are about to undertake a grand artistic tour. They will first visit Holland.

The first representation of Wagner's opera, *Tannhäuser*, took place at Breslau on the 7th inst. Judging from the accounts in the German papers, it was eminently successful.

M. Thalberg played, a short time since, at a musical *soirée* given by Mons. Hoogalka, in Vienna. He introduced a *fantaisie* of this composer, for three pianos, and played by the author, Thalberg, and Madlle Capponi, professors at the Conservatory.

On the 12th inst., a posthumous work of Conradin Kreutzer, the author of the *Nachtlager von Granada*, was produced for the first time at Frankfort. It is entitled, *Aurelia*. Although not equal to the first-named opera, it may be accounted a work of merit. The two principal parts were sustained by Mesdames Anschütz and Beck.

Madlle. Jetty Treffz, and the pianiste, J. Blumenthal, are stopping, at present, in Leipzig.

Marschner will, after all, not leave Hanover. His salary has been augmented very considerably.

BEETHOVEN AND PRINCE NICOLAS BORIS GALITZIN.

HAVING, some little time ago, inserted in the *MUSICAL WORLD* a letter addressed to the *Gazette Musicale* by Prince Nicolas Boris Galitzin, accusing Mons. Antoine Schindler, the author of a biography of Beethoven, of a false and calumnious statement with regard to certain quartets composed by the great *maestro* for the Prince, we think that it is only our duty to insert also the following

"Reply of Monsieur Antoine Schindler to the Protestation of Prince Nicolas Boris Galitzin."

"Of all the numerous replies that I have been called upon to make, since Beethoven's death, either concerning him personally or his relations with others, the present one appears particularly likely to prove important on account of the peculiar circumstances connected with it, and I feel happy at having lived long enough to see this mysterious affair of the quartets made the subject of discussion. Unfortunately, I am obliged, at my very first setting out, to state that the affair has been rendered still more obscure than it was, by what the Prince has published. The noble inhabitant of Ukraine has made it more complicated than ever. This will prevent my answer being as short as I might otherwise have wished, and will oblige me to trespass a little upon your space.

"When, a short time after the inauguration of Beethoven's monument at Bonn, in 1845, Prince Galitzin was pleased to publish, in a Parisian political paper, a long description, which he signed at full length, of his written relations with Beethoven and of the quartets which the latter composed for him, I, as well as the Viennese lawyer, Dr. Bach, Sen., whom the illustrious composer had himself named executor to his will—I, as well as he, I repeat, expected that, at last, some trifling ray of light would clear up the money transactions in question, to which Beethoven had, when dying, especially called his executors' attention. But our hopes were vain; nothing followed this statement, the author of which did not then give it as his opinion that the great man's feelings of honour and delicacy were not on a level with his genius—an accusation against him which is as ignoble and brutal as it is unmerited by Beethoven, and one which we must all have been astonished at reading in the Prince's protestation, that appeared in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (Leipzig) of the 6th August, and in the letter dated 6th July, and which the Prince addressed to me."

"Another person in his place (although not a prince), who had heard nothing of what had been printed in Germany for the last

four and twenty years, as, according to his own confession, is the Prince's case, who, even before Beethoven's death, quitted St. Petersburg to join the army of the Caucasus, and since that time has resided in one of the most remote provinces of European Russia, another person, I say, under similar circumstances, would first have had the prudence to inquire what was the real state of matters which concerned himself, before publishing in Germany and France—perhaps in Russia and Turkey—a tissue of errors, accusing me, at hap-hazard, of calumny. Prince Galitzin forgets himself, in *La Gazette Musicale*, so far as to suspect the German editors of wishing to protect and shield me from him.

"He is old, they said; let us wait till he is dead! Such are the dreams of the noble Lord of Ukraine, and such his ideas of the German Press. I can easily understand that it is beneath his dignity to degrade himself so low as to enter into a discussion with a Schindler, of whom he never heard, and with whose work he is made acquainted. To calm his mind, which I have so audaciously disturbed, I beg to submit to the Prince's consideration the note at the foot of the page.* This august Mecenas of the Arts must not be allowed any longer to remain in ignorance as to who is the author, unfortunately so obscure on the shores of the Black Sea, of Beethoven's Biography; he must be informed that, during a great number of years, no one was so intimately connected with the great musician as myself; for which reason, in the matter at issue, I was not only obliged to cite myself as referee, but also as ocular and auricular witness of what I advanced.

"The passage, however, in the Prince's letter to me, which excited my astonishment the most, was the following:—

"But my dealings with Beethoven cost me more than five hundred ducats. How and in what way? You will know this when I publish all the circumstances, and all the particulars, of my relations with Beethoven. I shall publish this account with the greatest repugnance, because I shall there prove that the great man's feelings of honour and delicacy were not on a level with his genius. Such are the Prince's words. All those who honour Beethoven, must, I am sure, be as impatient as I am myself for the publication of this account, in which, doubtless, the princely feelings of honour and delicacy will not be wanting. It must be proved, however, that the sum mentioned regards Beethoven personally, and not some one or other of his relations. If the latter is the case, any money beyond the sum of one hundred and twenty-five ducats demanded by Beethoven does not concern us.

"As I have no hopes of attaining the age of Methuselah, it is, especially for myself, very important that this matter, which the Prince has rendered so obscure, should be satisfactorily cleared up, to which end, perhaps, the discovery of the Prince's letters to Beethoven, in 1824, might contribute something. The reader will perceive, that the honour of the man who deserved so well of all musicians, and who was to me personally a paternal master and friend, was at stake. When I am gone, who ought, who could, repel any suspicion to which he might then be exposed?

"In 1839, when I began Beethoven's Biography, I had left

* In the *Gazette Musicale Universelle de Berlin*, 1827, No. 20, under the head of Vienna, for the month of May, is the following notice:—

"* * * Hummel took his farewell of us at the Josephstadt Theater, in a concert, which in conformity with a previous agreement was for the benefit of Mons. Schindler, formerly the conductor there. Mons. Schindler was, in the fullest acceptance of the term, the faithful Pyllades of our late Beethoven; for years past, he managed all his domestic matters, and remained at his side until he breathed his last. Believing that he would recover, Beethoven wished to prove his gratitude by a new composition which was to be executed for the first time on the occasion. When, however, he perceived that destiny willed it otherwise, he bequeathed this duty to Hummel, whom he again besought, during his last moments, to pay this debt of gratitude to his friend, who had always been so generous and so devoted. Hummel promised, with a broken heart, to do so, and he deferred his departure to fulfil this sacred promise, &c.

"The manner in which Beethoven, when dying, took leave of the author of this reply is also preserved in the *Gazette Musicale Universelle de Leipzig*, 1827, No. 22, and in the Vienna papers of the same period."

Vienna several years, and was, consequently, obliged to obtain much of my information by letters, to which, strange to say, Doctor Bach alone was able to reply. All that I could glean from the recollections of those who formerly, as well as myself, had frequent dealings with Beethoven, was simply this:—He had resided at Vienna. In reply to my question concerning the one hundred and twenty-five ducats, still remaining due by Prince Galitzin, Doctor Bach replied, that the matter was not yet settled, and that he could not succeed in discovering the Prince's retreat. At the same time, he strongly recommended me to publish this extraordinary case, as well as a general account of all the quartets during more than three years, as well as all the disagreeable consequences, among which was the request for assistance, which Beethoven made to the *London Philharmonic*, and which was so strongly censured at Vienna.*

"In spite of this, all these disagreeable consequences are not in my book! The reader finds no mention of the bitter grief which the great master felt on account of the opinions expressed concerning the last productions of his mind; neither is there any allusion to the fact, that Beethoven's old friend, C. Bernard, left him, because this old friend was in the minority with myself, on the deliberations which took place in the spring of 1824, when Beethoven had submitted to our consideration the question:—After the first performance, which will shortly come off, of the ninth symphony, and of the *Missa Solennis*, ought I to write quartets or finish the tenth symphony, and then the oratorio of *The Victory of the Cross*, the words for which were written by C. Bernard, and both of which were already sketched out? It is to this fact that we must attribute the reason of Bernard's never consenting to publish any memoir of Beethoven, which is greatly to be regretted. The majority who decided for the composition of the quartets, was composed of Mons. Schuppanzigh, and his brother quartet players (the reason is very evident). To these must be added Beethoven's brother, John, who was a chemist and druggist. The latter thought he saw in the Prince's letters indications of rich mines of gold on the banks of the Neva, and contributed more than all the rest to the determination ultimately arrived at. We shall presently perceive how this person, in the dedication prefixed to the Op. 124, and, according to his manner of judging everything, was in the habit of exerting his influence on Beethoven.

"To what I have here stated, I will add, that before the publication of my book, I sent the manuscript of the third period, containing the affair of Prince Galitzin, to Doctor Bach, for him to look it through. He sent it back with a few additions, and praised my moderation, not only in the matter in question, but in several others, which he himself had been charged to manage, and for which, if necessary, he was ready to answer. Before the second edition of my book appeared (in 1845), I wrote and asked him whether anything new had turned up with regard to Prince Galitzin. His answer was:—No. This distinguished and respected lawyer died at Vienna, in 1847. At present there is in that city only one single man alive who was intimate with Beethoven during the years 1825 and 1826. This person is Mons. Charles Holz, who was employed in the public treasury of the Diet of Lower Austria, and who has been cited as a witness in the matter under consideration. The testimony of Mons. Holz is the most important, since, being a member of Schuppanzigh's celebrated quartet, he was particularly connected with Beethoven, both in business matters and also in those merely requiring his advice. He also rendered him, very frequently, assistance in financial matters.

"Let us now examine the evidence of this witness, which was transmitted to me as early as the 23rd of August, by Mons. Aloys Fuchs, who said to me in his letter:—

"Mons. Holz affirms, 1st. That your statement of the facts connected with the transmission of the quartets to the Russian is entirely in accordance with the truth.

* "I here request the reader's permission to remark that *The Life of Beethoven*, which was published in two volumes in London in 1841, was a literal translation of my book on Beethoven (with the exception of this introduction which is omitted) although on the title-page there is no name save that of Moscheles, who figures as editor."

"2nd. That he (Mons. Holz), never heard of the sum agreed on having been received for any of the quartets save the first, and that he knows what measures Beethoven had to take in Russia in order to obtain this sum, and he often complained to him (Mons. Holz), that the other sums *never came to hand*.

"Furthermore, Mons. Holz remarks, that knowing exactly the state of Beethoven's finances, he must necessarily have noticed the arrival of such a sum (one hundred and twenty-five ducats)."

"This declaration therefore informs us, in addition to what we already know, that Beethoven was obliged to take measures to obtain the payment of his first quartet, a fact which had previously escaped me. What can we now think of the truth of the Prince's statement, when he asserts that, as early as the year 1822, he had already forwarded Beethoven fifty ducats for the first quartet? In the *Gazette Musicale* he says, fifty florins.* (The Russian Prince, however, speaks indiscriminately of ducats and florins, which confuses the matter still more.) With regard to the payment of this sum, the Prince then adds:—'I received an answer from Beethoven, whose thanks knew no bounds at my readiness in paying for a work that was not even begun.' What! did the proud artist, who never proved false to his principles, in his dealings with the aristocracy, do this? Did he bow down so low before the Russian Prince, that his thanks for a few ducats or florins knew no bounds? This is incredible! Some of the public prints, and even the *Gazette Musicale du Rhin*, have received this statement of the Prince as true. May they still retract and maintain the honour of Beethoven inviolate in this affair, as well as in all similar ones!

"We know very well that the negotiations with the Russian Prince did not commence before the spring of 1824 (even if a letter had come to hand as early as 1822), since his propositions were communicated to me. The first quartet, Op. 127, was written during the summer of 1824, and forwarded to St. Petersburg the following autumn. Whoever states that he paid Beethoven before having received the work he had ordered, offers a gross insult to his honour. Beethoven never accepted any payment in advance. None of his publishers can say that he did so. Is it then likely that he should have consented to do so from a stranger; and that actually two years before commencing the work?"

"Two letters addressed by Beethoven to his publisher, Mons. C. F. Peters, of Leipzig, and printed in No. 21, of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, in 1837, prove in what manner the illustrious composer was in the habit of receiving money for his works. He writes as follows, on the 3rd of August, 1822:—'All can be delivered before the 15th of this month. I await your orders on the matter, and shall not use your bill of exchange.' On the 31st March, 1823, he again writes:—'Do not, as a general rule, forward me the money before you have received intelligence that the work is already sent off.' This was his invariable principle in business. I omit the facts connected with the second and third quartets. They will be known soon enough in the action for libel with which the Prince threatens me, if I do not immediately retract what I have stated. This trial may, at any rate, furnish a rich fund of piquant anecdotes for the next biographer of Beethoven.

"In his German, as well as his French protestation, the Prince refers to the banking-house of Henikstein and Co., of Vienna; he adds expressly in his French protestation:—'The incredulous can ask to see the receipt in Beethoven's own hand in the banking-house of Henikstein and Co., of Vienna, and obtain the corroborated testimony of Mons. Charles Beethoven himself, in the Josephstadt Faubourg, at Vienna.'

"I acted up to this notice, and cited the text word for word. Messieurs. Henikstein and Co.'s answer, bearing date the 4th September, runs as follows:—'In accordance with the wish of Prince Galitzin, they had given the latter, some time ago, all the explanation desired in this affair of Beethoven, and that, consequently, all they could do was to refer me to the Prince, who was the only person capable of explaining the real state of matters!'

"Excellent! The Prince refers 'the incredulous' to the banker, and the latter refers them, in his turn, to the Prince. Mons. C. Beethoven, too, resides no longer in Vienna. Where does he re-

side? This is more than Messrs. Fuchs and Holz know. However, what can this nephew of Beethoven know or say, seeing that during the last years of his uncle's life, he was only rarely near him, and, at the period of his death, as well as many years afterwards, was in the army and absent from Vienna?

"At present all that remains for me to do, is to answer the following question, put forward by the noble lord of Karkoff (in his German protestation) as his strongest point:—'If Beethoven had any cause of complaint against me, why did he dedicate to me, after the quartets, and without my desiring or even knowing it, the overture, Op. 124?' This dedication was written about the middle of 1825, before the second quartet was finished, and before Beethoven could have any notion of what awaited him in connection with these same quartets. It was written at this period, because Schott, the music-publisher of Mayence, wished to hasten the publication of Beethoven's works (among which was this overture) which he had bought in 1825, and thus all the titles of the different works had to be arranged in their proper order. Moreover, this dedication was written at the pressing desire of Beethoven's brother John. We have already explained the reason of this desire on his part. The *maestro* acceded, in order to escape further annoyance. The title of this work ought rather to have been, 'Overture composed by L. van Beethoven, and dedicated to So-and-So by John van Beethoven, chemist and druggist.' This production (on which Mons. de Lenz in his work, *Beethoven and his three Styles*, has copiously commented) was, as is well known, written for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre (in Vienna) On that occasion—30th October, 1822—I had the honour of being with Beethoven at the head of the orchestra, and was introduced by him into a new artistic career. This overture was printed in the month of January, 1826, and the first quartet, Op. 127, in December, 1825, a whole year after it had been sent to St. Petersburg. Thus was fulfilled the condition on which the Prince insisted, namely, 'his desire to be the sole possessor of each of the quartets an entire year before they were delivered to the public.'

"In conclusion, let me assure the reader that we are all impatiently looking forward to the Prince's explanations. May they be, in every point, satisfactory, so that there may be no stain on the honour of any of the parties implicated in the transaction. May it be proved that this dispute is only to be attributed to a concatenation of circumstances and chances, or perhaps to the great distance which separates the persons interested in the question—but, then, what of the 500 ducats!

ANTOINE SCHINDLER.

CHURCH MUSIC.

A SERMON PREACHED IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BRIGHTON, Sep. 12th, 1852, by the Rev. W. Gresley, M.A., Prebendary of Lichfield.

The organ in the above church having been recently very much enlarged, the above sermon was preached in aid of the fund to defray the expense. In the course of the sermon, Mr. Gresley says—

"I fear it must be confessed that in many of our church congregations, there is a great lack of that fervour and heartiness which so well becomes those who are engaged in singing God's praises. As far as I can learn, we are generally behind other religious bodies in this important branch of Christian worship. The consequence is, that not only are our own hearts too often little touched by that charm of devotion which arises from a holy and united service; but also, it is to be feared, that some are offended, and resort to other places of worship where they find more sympathy and fervour.

"I am speaking of our church congregations generally, and not so much of the congregation which I am now addressing. We have great advantages in this church in the assistance of choristers, trained under an able and diligent master, and the voluntary aid of a skilful and numerous choir.

"And yet, even here, brethren, we seem to miss something of that united congregational worship which is so heart-stirring and impressive. In the responses, and other portions of the service, where all ought to unite with one heart and voice,—and, in ancient days, all used to join so heartily, and the voice of the congregation

* This was a typographical error.

rose in such solemn grandeur, that, as St. Jerome tells us, 'the roof of the sacred edifice, and the very shore of the sea re-echoed with the sound,'—I fear we must confess that there is too often a sad backwardness in the congregation to join as they should do."

And in another place he says that "the organ is a most valuable adjunct to the psalmody of a mixed congregation, all of whom are thus enabled to take part in the service of praise and thanksgiving, though, individually, some of them may possess but little skill;" and for his "own part," he adds, "I would rather hear a whole congregation joining in the song of praise, even though there might be some inequality of tone and occasional want of harmony in their voices, than listen to the most elaborate pieces by professed singers. In the one case you feel that it is an exhibition of acquired skill; in the other, it is the offering up of a holy and religious worship. And when a congregation is really animated with the spirit of devotion, I see no reason to doubt that God Himself is truly present with them, as we know He was in ancient times in the midst of His holy temple."

Now, we believe that two things may be taken as rules:

1st. The more genteel a congregation is, the less part will it take in the singing. Ladies of rank go into the choirs of Catholic chapels; but it is not usual for ladies of any rank to exert themselves much in Protestant places of worship. We wish they did.

2nd. Wherever there is an organ, there will be less singing among the congregation generally. We will not pretend to account for this, but merely state it as a fact, which, probably, will not be disputed. It may be that the organ puts non-musical people out. In the midst of the harmony—sometimes crude, perhaps—they cannot make out the melody so as to sing firmly, and if they attempt to sing at all, it is in so low a voice that they can scarcely hear themselves—they *purr* rather than sing; or, it may be, especially in genteel congregations like that of St. Paul's, &c., that persons are fearful of making themselves conspicuous, or of committing some blunder in tune or in time, so that they sing, if they sing at all, fearfully, timidly, as if they would be shocked if any one heard them.

But there are places in which whole congregations sing as loudly and as heartily as Mr. Gresley himself could desire. For instance, among the Calvinists in Robert-street, Church-street, or West-street itself. These people, thoroughly honest and sincere in their convictions, listen with the most profound and breathless attention to catch every word that falls from the lips of their ministers, and when they do sing, they sing with astonishing fervour and zeal. Why? Because, in singing Hart's hymns, they give expression to those deep thoughts and convictions which struggle for expression in the inmost recesses of their hearts. They have no organ, they require none, they would not have one at a gift. It would, in their estimation, produce artificiality in singing, quite adverse to those spiritual stirrings which animate their devotions. There is another body, the Wesleyans, in whose congregations the singing is, if possible, more fervent, and, as we believe, equally from the heart as among the Calvinists, widely as they differ from them in doctrines. The Wesleyans on Sundays often commence the service of the day by singing at six or seven o'clock in the morning. In the course of the day they sing many times with amazing zeal, and they may sometimes be heard singing till nine o'clock at night, and, about the commencement of the new year, till midnight; and whenever they do sing, they sing with all their hearts and souls. Generally speaking, they have no organs. The women sing out as if neither afraid nor ashamed of what they are doing. An organ would smother their voices. It would manacle them. In their singing there is a sort of *ad libitum* as regards time, which is attended to just sufficiently to keep the voices of the congregation together; and, by a kind of instinct, they all move together, led generally by some stentorian male voice. As to the rules of harmony or counterpoint, they generally know nothing about them, and care less. All non-musically educated persons, quickly and easily catch a tune, a melody, and that, with most who sing with the heart, as the term is, suffices for everything. A few persons may "vamp" a bit of a bass, or "fish out" a bit of counter tenor; as to scientific, or equalized harmony, it is seldom thought of; but the hymns in all such cases are suited, and generally exceedingly well suited, to express the convictions and feelings of the singers,

and hence the "heartiness" and "fervour" with which they are sung.

The same remark applies to the Baptist and many other Dissenting congregations.

All this may be deplored by Mr. Gresley, and other Tractarians, as the result of fanaticism, ignorance, want of taste, and what not; and the Dissenters will repel the accusation by charging formalism on the Tractarians. All this is no concern of ours; but wherever it is desired that the people should sing "heartily," they must be hearty in the tenets they hold and not be cramped in their zeal by ponderous, yet cold, forms, or, to them, the perplexing harmonies of an organ, which damp their zeal and silence their voices.

Mr. Gresley speaks of the "responses and other portions of the service, where all ought to unite with one heart and voice."

We have said that the non-musically educated easily catch a tune, or the melody; but you cannot put them, the non-musically educated, to a more severe test than to require them to sing in four parts a plain chant, such, for instance, as Tallis, in F. Take any four tolerably good voices, and it would be months before they could sing it properly in tune; and as to half the chants we hear, the non-musically educated would never sing them properly till they had undergone rigid musical discipline. Then, again, as to the responses, and the versicles, many of these having been transplanted from a Latin service, composed in a style foreign to the ordinary English ear, and which, as compositions, are often really very learned, it is impossible for "mixed congregations," without much previous private instruction, to sing or chant them. Many of them were written for trained choirs, as in the Cathedrals. "But they are sung by thousands at a time in Catholic countries, why not in Protestant ones?" Because, in Catholic countries, the children are all taught in school to sing and chant; and when they grow up men and women, they never forget the music they learned in their youth. But it is not so here, and we hope, as Protestants, it never will be so in the same fashion as in Catholic countries. One grand feature in Protestants is, their wish to have everything open, clear, and as distinct as possible. They could not worship through the mist of Latin words, even if there is a translation on the other side of the page. They must have words the value of which they feel, and of late the Evangelicals have (many of them) introduced hymns which they think better adapted for reformed Christian worship than even the Psalms of David. Not that they object to those Psalms, but they think, we believe, that modern Christian poets, such as Watts, Montgomery, &c., have expressed Christian sentiments as well as the "sweet singer of Israel," and that they are better suited to the ideas and feelings of the present age. But the Tractarians seek to drive, or induce the people of the present age to go back to the psalmody, and chants, and formalities of the Middle Ages. Nothing in music, in architecture, or in mind is good in their estimation unless old and hoary, just as if the fifteenth century had not been in advance of the fourteenth—the sixteenth in advance of the fifteenth—the seventeenth of the sixteenth—the eighteenth in advance of the seventeenth—and the nineteenth in advance of the eighteenth. They would have it believed that, in theology, music, architecture, &c., the world has not only stood still, but, to get right, must go back again for at least 300 years. Genuine Protestantism knows better. It knows that the world has always, in the main, been advancing and ever will advance. What is termed Dissent, is only Protestantism advancing: it may be at times by irregular and faltering steps; but it does still advance; and it adopts such forms and such modes of singing and thanksgiving as suit its most thoroughly sincere convictions, and it will adopt none other. Tractarianism attracts in some degree by its attempts to be grand, imposing, and pompous. People go and gaze in curiosity, wondering what is to come next. Good singing and music are always attractive; but the cold formality that prevails over all these ceremonies shows how little hold they have taken of the people's hearts. The Dissenters, for the most part, form real communities. They are welded together by social feelings. They meet on a footing of equality. They will suffer no priest to dictate to them. They may have great faults in their systems; but the want of independence is not one of them. They will be independent, because they know and feel—aye, and many of them deeply, too,—that every individual must

be responsible for himself—that no one can be responsible for them, be he priest, cardinal, or pope. It is this that makes them hearty in their devotions—hearty in their singing—hearty in all they do when at worship. There may be sincere devotion with much form; but there may also be great devotion with very little. In this, as in all other things between God and man, every one must answer for himself, but let all learn to be charitable towards each other.—*Brighton Herald.*

MR. LOWELL MASON'S LECTURE.

(From a Correspondent.)

WE mentioned some time ago that Mr. Lowell Mason, of Boston, United States, a professor of music, and especially of school and sacred music, had purchased the valuable library and MSS. of the celebrated German organist, Rink. We were not, at that time, aware that Mr. Mason was in London lecturing on his favourite topic of church music, and labouring to instil into the minds of several of our training schools and associations of teachers a more simple and efficient mode of teaching vocal music than at present prevails. Having accidentally heard that he was to lecture at the London Mechanics' Institution, we availed ourselves of an opportunity to hear the last of the course.

Mr. Mason has a very happy method of imparting his ideas to an auditory; and never fails to keep up a lively interest. His statements are always clear, and are often illustrated in a very striking manner. He seems to be perfectly familiar with his subject, and often throws out hints of the greatest practical importance on the subject of teaching generally; indeed his lectures and specimens of teaching are as valuable to the ordinary school teacher as to the teacher of music; and their moral tendency is always apparent. Mr. Mason commenced his lecture with some remarks on the importance of music as a necessary part of the education of the young; not only because of its intrinsic value, but because of its relative bearing upon the other studies of children and youth. He regretted that music should be regarded as a mere accomplishment; it should rather be regarded as one essential branch of education; and necessary to man's emotional nature, as are mathematics and the severer studies to his intellectual progress. He guarded against the idea that there is any "royal road" to music; or that it might be taught with any degree of thoroughness in a short time. "Music," said he, "like grammar, geography, and arithmetic, can only be acquired by slow and almost imperceptible degrees. A child will learn to sing by note, beginning at seven or eight years of age, in about the same time that he will learn to read. He will sing well in about as short a time as he will read well, provided an equal amount of instruction be given in both departments. All that belongs to a child's education must gradually grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength; and time and training will render musical instruction effectual as it does instruction in other things."

Mr. Mason's system of teaching is the Pestalozzian; or rather the peculiarity of his teaching consists in the frequent intermingling of this method with the more common didactic manner of communicating knowledge. He gave a brief history of the method, stating that it originated at Zurich with Nageli and Pfeiffer, who, at the suggestion of Pestalozzi, adapted his general principles of instruction to those of music. This system was carried to the United States of America, twenty or thirty years ago, by a German teacher, geographer, and editor of an educational periodical in Boston.

Mr. M., after examination, adopted it, and has found it to succeed beyond his most sanguine expectation. He was induced to make some exhibition of the method in London, at the suggestion of a professor of music, at the Home and Colonial School, by the invitation of teachers; since which he has lectured to many normal classes and associations.

It is impossible, by any written description, to give anything like a clear view of Mr. Mason's method; but we may just state, by way of illustration, that musical tones are presented to the pupil and examined, investigated, or analyzed by him; their properties ascertained; and then by exercise, or training, are made his own. They are treated most philosophically, and yet in the most simple manner that can be imagined with reference to length, pitch, and force; and the pupil is encouraged to proceed from step to step in his work of discovery, classification, and arrangement. There are no previous rules given out to be committed to memory, nor is the mind burdened with any signs, or technical terms, until they are wanted. He not only does not adopt any new system of notation, so common in these days by those who are ignorant of the nature of music, and music teaching; but he proves conclusively that our present system of representing musical sounds by the staff and other characters, is the most simple and at the same time the most adequate; so that not only a child's song, or a psalm, or a hymn tune may be written in characters perfectly easy to be learned and understood, but that by these same characters the most difficult progressions and combinations of a Beethoven, or a Mendelssohn, may also be represented, so as to be as easily comprehended, not indeed by the child, or the musical novice, but by him whose musical instructions have been so much developed as to enable him to grasp the idea of the composer. If the idea be but once fully received, the notation, or outward symbol, in common use all over the world, presents no difficulty.

Mr. Mason insists, and indeed seems to prove, that all minds have a capacity for music, and may learn more or less of it, and that as many may become good singers as good readers; but that no one can attain any high degree of excellence who has not in addition to excellent natural talent, a good study, practice, and perseverance. But as we have already said his method cannot be described by words, we will proceed no further.

We understand Mr. M. intends to publish an illustration of his method (the Pestalozzian) soon, and that he has been very successful in introducing music as a necessary study in the common schools in America; and that it is now in many parts of the States considered an essential branch of education among all classes of the people there.

MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES.

(From the Manchester Times.)

MR. Thackeray, on Thursday evening week, in the Athenæum Library Hall, delivered his sixth lecture "On the humorous writers of the last century," with which he brought his admired course to a conclusion. At the first lecture, a comparatively small audience attended; but on each succeeding occasion the seats became more fully occupied; and the room was filled almost to inconvenience, with an applauding auditory, during the delivery of the last. Laurence Sterne and Oliver Goldsmith were the themes of Mr. Thackeray's concluding discourse. With the first of these authors, he had very little sympathy. After giving some account of

Sterne's parentage and early history, he spoke of his courtship and marriage; narrating how the lady, being very ill, and not expecting to live, told Sterne that she had left him all her property, a communication which very much affected the reverend recipient, who married her on her recovery, after having written her some intolerably sentimental letters. Mr. Thackeray read an extract from one of these unlucky productions; not omitting to add that the couple grew heartily tired of each other before many years were over; or to explain, that the lady was the same of whom her husband afterwards wrote to an acquaintance, in sad dog Latin,—“*Nescio quid est materies cum me; sed sum, fatigatus et cegrotus cum meo uxore plus quam unquam*”;—a confession which was followed by the still more fatal admission,—“*Sum mortaliter in amore cum—somebody else.*” It was in December, 1767, that the Rev. Laurence Sterne, the famous “Shandean,” the charming “Yorick,” the delight of the fashionable world, the delicious divine, for whose sermons the whole polite public was subscribing, the occupier of “Rabelais’ easy chair” (only fresh stuffed and made more elegant)—the more than rival of the Dean of St. Patrick’s—wrote the above-quoted respectable letter to his friend in London; and it was in April of the same year that his reverence was pouring out his fond heart to Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Esq., of Bombay, a gentleman reported to be “very much respected in that quarter of the globe.” Mr. Thackeray read extracts from Sterne’s letters to “Eliza,”—the lady just referred to; and in his comments on them did not omit to call the writer a “coward,” a “wretched, worn-out old scamp,” “eager for praise and pleasure, vain, witty, and wicked.” There was, however, he said, a sign of grace in the last letter that Sterne wrote—a passage in which *real* affection was shown for his daughter Lydia. To this child, indeed, his letters were always kind, artless, affectionate, and not sentimental. Sterne’s literary occupation was a perilous trade indeed; it was that of a man who has to bring his tears, his laughter, his recollections, his personal grief and joys, his private thoughts and feelings to market, to write them on paper, and sell them for money. How much of Sterne’s sentimentalism was deliberate calculation and imposture? How much was false sensibility, and how much was feeling? Where did the lie begin? and did Sterne *know* where? Some time since, in Paris, the lecturer was in the company of an actor who began, after dinner, at his own request, to sing French songs of the sort called *Chansons de Table*, and which he performed admirably and to the dissatisfaction of most persons present. Having finished these, he commenced a sentimental ballad, of quite a different order. It was so affectingly sung that it touched all persons, and especially the singer himself, who was snivelling and weeping with genuine tears by the time his own ditty was over. He (Mr. Thackeray) supposed that Sterne had this artistic sensibility; that he used to blubber perpetually in his study; and that finding his tears infectious, and that they brought him a great popularity, he exercised the useful gift of weeping, utilised it, and cried on every occasion. “I own,” said the lecturer, “I do not value or respect much the cheap dribble of those feelings; he fatigues me with his continual appeals to my risible or sentimental faculty; he is always looking in my face, uncertain whether I think him an impostor or not; always saying, ‘See what sensibility I have! Own that I am very clever! Do cry, now! You can’t resist this!’ This man, who can make you laugh,—who can make you cry

too,—never lets his reader alone, nor will permit his audience to repose. When you are quiet, he fancies he must rouse you, and he turns head over heels, or sidles up and whispers a nasty story. He is a great jester as well as a great humourist; he goes to work systematically, and in cold blood; paints his face, puts on his motley clothes, lays down his carpet and tumbles on it.” The celebrated “Dead Ass” scene in the “Sentimental Journey” the lecturer admitted to be a disk agreeably and skilfully done, dressed up and served quite tender, with a famous sauce of tears and fine feelings. “Here,” he said, “is the white handkerchief displayed, and the sermon, and here are the horses and the feathers, and a procession of mutes, and—a dead donkey inside! Pshaw, mountebank, I will not give thee a penny for that trick!” The same ass, however (he recalled), had appeared some time previously in “Tristram Shandy,” and the lecturer quoted the passage from that work in which the patient animal’s mute eloquence is so imaginatively described. The critic, he said, who refuses to see in that charming piece of description wit, humour, pathos, a kind nature speaking, and a real sentiment, must be hard indeed to move and to please. Yet even that passage it was impossible to quote without omitting part. There is not a page in Sterne’s writings but has something which were better away, a latent corruption—a hint as of an impure presence. Some of that dreary *double entendre* in which Sterne delighted, may be attributed, no doubt, to freer times and manners than ours, but not all. The foul satyr’s eyes glare out continually from the page. Bringing to an end his review of Yorick, Mr. Thackeray delighted his audience by contrasting the impurities which abound in the works of so many of the humourists of the past century with the well-known characteristics of the writings of Dickens. When he thought of those past writers, and of one who lives amongst us now, he was thankful indeed for the innocent laughter and the sweet unsullied page, which the author of *David Copperfield* gave to his children. Having despatched Sterne, Mr. Thackeray turned with evident gratification to the gentle Oliver Goldsmith, with whose memory he deservedly dealt in a much more respectful fashion. Who, he asked, of the millions whom Goldsmith has amused, does not love him? To be the most beloved of English writers;—what a title that is for a man! What is the charm of his verse? His style, his humour, his sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his sweet smile, his tremulous sympathy and weakness, which he owns. Your love for him is half pity. You come, hot and tired, from the day’s battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon save the harp with which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old; the captains in the tents, the soldiers around the fire, or the women and children in the fields, before whom he stops, and sings his simple song of love and beauty. With that sweet story, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, he has found entry into every castle and hamlet in Europe. Goldsmith’s father was, no doubt, the good Dr. Primrose, whom we all so well know. The lecturer spoke of Goldsmith’s errant history in early life; his reckless good nature; his vanity and love of fine clothes; and the rest of the traits by which Goldsmith’s character is so easily to be recognised; especially his happy and admirable courage and buoyancy in all circumstances, and his extreme benevolence to the distressed. The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and

wretched but he could give his crust, and speak his word of compassion. His purse and his heart were everybody's. When he was at the height of reputation, and the Earl of Northumberland, going as Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland, asked if he could be of any service to him, Goldsmith recommended not himself, but his brother. "My patrons," he said, "are the booksellers; I want no other." Hard patrons they were, and hard work he did; but he did not much complain. A little wounded pride which he sometimes showed, rendered him not the less amiable. The author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which lay for two years in the bookseller's drawer untouched, had a right to be a little peevish. Goldsmith had not the great public with him; but he had the noble Johnson, and the admirable Reynolds, and the great Gibbon, and the great Burke, and the great Fox,—friends and admirers illustrious indeed, and as famous as any of those who fifty years before sat round Pope's table. Nobody knows all the pains which Goldsmith endured during the early period of his literary career. Let any man of letters in our day have to bear up against such, and come out of the period of misfortune with such a pure kind heart as that which Oliver Goldsmith obstinately wore! The insults to which he had to submit were shocking to hear of. One's anger is aroused at reading them, as it is at seeing a woman insulted, or a child assaulted. For the last half-dozen years of his life he was removed from the pressure of any ignoble necessity, and was in the receipt of a pretty large income from the booksellers. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed, alive, part of that esteem which his country has ever since paid to the vivid and versatile genius, which has "touched nothing that it did not adorn." With some other observations of a like character ended Mr. Thackeray's remarks upon Goldsmith; but he claimed further audience, that he might say something in reference to the question recently opened by Mr. Jerdan in his *Autobiography* respecting the recompenses given to our literary men. Long before he had ever hoped to meet with such audiences as the one before him now, he had been at issue with some of his literary brethren, upon a point which he thought they held from tradition rather than from experience—namely, that men of letters in our country are ill received and held in slight esteem. It would be hardly grateful of him now, he said, to alter his old opinion. What claim had any one of those of whom he had been speaking, but *genius*? Yet, what a return of gratitude, fame, and affection, had it not brought to them all! What punishment befel these who were unfortunate among them, but that which follows reckless habits and careless lives? For these faults a wit must suffer, like the dullest prodigal that ever ran in debt. He must pay the tailor if he wears a coat. He must expect that the world will shun the man of bad habits, and that women will avoid the man of loose life. With what difficulties had one of these men to contend, save that eternal mechanical one of want of means and capital, of which thousands of young men, lawyers, doctors, soldiers, sailors, inventors, manufacturers, and shopkeepers, have also to complain? If these suffer, who is the author, that he should be exempt? Mr. Thackeray's remarks on this matter were right manly and honourable. The world, he said, might here and there pass over a deserving individual in any profession; but it treats you as you merit in the main; if you serve it, it is not unthankful; if you please it, it is pleased; if you are respectable, it respects you,

and returns your cheerfulness with its good humour. It deals not unjustly with your weaknesses. It recognises most kindly your merits. It gives you a fair place, and fair play. A king might refuse Goldsmith a pension, as a publisher might put his masterpiece in his desk for two years; it was very bad taste, but it was not ill-will. "Noble and illustrious names of Swift, and Pope, and Addison (said the lecturer in conclusion), dear and honoured memories of Goldsmith and Fielding, kind friends, teachers, and benefactors! who shall say that our country, which continues to bring you such an unceasing tribute of applause, admiration, love, sympathy, does not do honour to the literary calling in the honour which it bestows upon you?"

Foreign.

(From the New York Musical Times.)

NEW YORK.—Madame Sontag continues to draw crowded audiences. We have heard her once or twice, since our last issue, at a greater distance from the stage than before; and we have quite come to the conclusion that the accomplished songstress must sing louder, if she expects to maintain her hold upon the audience. Her more delicate embellishments are not heard by a large proportion of the auditory who sit in the remoter part of the hall: the movement of her head is seen, and the highest and the lowest tones of her swift *arpeggio* and other passages are caught, but the intermediate tones are positively inaudible: people bend forward, and turn their heads sideward and listen eagerly, but lose the sound. Now the patience of any audience will become weary, at last, of this, and the attendance will fall off, after the first curiosity is satisfied. Another stricture (after all the sincere praise of last week), which we are moved to make, is the lack of interest in the programmes. Will not Madame Sontag soon give us something new, or something, at least, which is not so hackneyed as the ever besung and be-laboured, conventional arias of the Italian operas? The public can now bear (we rejoice to say) an habitual piece or two of truly classic quality; while the appreciating but influential minority, who care quite as much, and more, about what music is sung, as how it is sung, cannot bear a continuous repetition of an old and uninteresting repertoire. It was truly refreshing, the other evening, to hear the sound and healthy, and inspiring strain of—"With verdure clad," after the common-places (exquisitely rendered as they were) which had preceded.

Alboni has had great success in Philadelphia, and shortly gives her last concert in New York. We feel an old enthusiasm revive as we allude again to Alboni. Her voice is—as we once wrote—pure, downright music; and, for its sweet music's sake, we most highly prize and magnify it.

Dramatic.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Westland Marston's play of *Anne Blake*, produced on Thursday night, is in one respect, a repetition of the experiment which the same author made in his *Patrician's Daughter*—namely, the experiment whether it is possible to excite interest by a play which, while written in blank verse and adorned with poetical imagery, takes its characters and its subject from the men of the present day. With the French a verse comedy of actual life is an ordinary thing enough, but then the rhymed Alexandrines, rendered

classical by Molière and his contemporaries, naturally chime in with comic and satirical themes, while our blank measure has always preserved a sort of stateliness which it is impossible to render familiar. Hence the *Patrician's Daughter* was a bold experiment, and equally bold was the play of last night, in which a modern family of the English *bourgeoisie* class is poetically treated.

The heroine, Anne Blake, who gives the title to the piece, is related to Sir Joshua Toppington, a retired trader settled down in North Wales, and lives with his wife, Lady Toppington, as a sort of humble companion. Being the result of a *mésalliance* in the family she is treated with insolence, and her only consolation is in the love of an artist, named Thorold, to whom she is betrothed. But Llaniston, a friend of Thorold's, has been smitten by her charms, and as he is the mortgagee of Sir Joshua's estate, with awful powers of foreclosing, the baronet is exceedingly anxious that he should be the happy man. Lady Toppington, therefore, takes upon herself the task of setting Anne against Thorold, and finds a portrait of an unknown lady, which she has seen Thorold carry about with him, very convenient for her purpose. Anne believes that Thorold is only bound to her by a tie of honour, in which love has no share, and that his affections are really bestowed on another. For this reason she listens to the addresses of Llaniston, whom at last she resolves to accept. As Llaniston is possessed of great wealth, the character of Anne now appears eminently worldly and covetous, but Thorold determines to save her from what he conceives to be a moral degradation. He is not a mere artist, but he is Colonel Thorold, who has done good service in India, who has been the friend of Anne's despised father, and who has, moreover, been appointed her guardian. All these facts are unexpectedly revealed to her, and Thorold, by depicting to her the strong mutual attachment of her father and mother during a life of the greatest hardship, opens her eyes to the guilt of giving away her hand without her heart, while at the same time his production of the portrait which has awakened her suspicions, as the portrait of her mother, convinces her that his affections have never been shaken. In her pride she has vowed that she will never become his wife while in a state of dependence, but a further revelation by Thorold shows her that a mine which ruined her father is now productive, and a source to her of independent wealth, and she can now bestow her hand upon her guardian without doing violence to any of her feelings.

We imagine the author has intended to work out a psychological problem in the character of Anne, to show the dangers which may arise from too great an encouragement of womanly pride, or something of that kind. But Anne is not enough of a reality to afford a moral lesson. She allows herself to be swayed too easily by the insinuations of the designing Lady Toppington, and she jumps to the resolution of quarrelling with her lover with a rapidity which argues but little for the depth of her love. Still greater was the author's mistake in giving a piece so imperfectly developed and so deficient in incident the form and dimensions of five acts. The motives and events have all a certain smallness about them which ill accord with a large treatment, and, while we admit the carefulness and elegance of much of the writing, we cannot help feeling that the subject would have been much better dealt with in two, or at most three acts, written in ordinary prose.

The success of the piece, which is unequivocal, is to be attributed less to its intrinsic merit than to the admirable

manner in which the two principal parts are played by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean. The first three acts, in which the difference between Anne and Thorold is progressively set forth, took no firm hold of the general sympathies; but the fourth act, in which Thorold related to Anne the history of her parents, and Anne received his lessoning with gradually diminishing stubbornness, till at last she admitted its truth with an explosion of conviction, drew forth a storm of admiration from the audience. Mr. C. Kean's delivery of the narrative, firm and impressive, and the expression of Mrs. C. Kean's countenance as she allowed herself to be convinced, gave an earnest truthfulness to this situation which we do not often find on the modern stage. We dwell on this scene because it was the most effective in the play, but we would not have it understood that the merits of Mr. and Mrs. Kean were confined to the one point. Their acting was even, impressive, and well considered throughout, and the task of giving so much weight as they did to a piece so flimsy was by no means an easy one. Mrs. Winstanley's impersonation of the worldly Lady Toppington likewise deserves commendation as a quiet, judicious performance, but what could induce Mr. Addison, who is generally a sensible actor, to make such an outrageous looking and outrageously conducted person of Sir Joshua? Llaniston (admirably played by Mr. Walter Lacy), Mrs. Lloyd, a benevolent housekeeper, and a drearly comic butler, are not to be considered characters at all.

The decorations are in the usual magnificent style of this establishment, and, although the action takes place in everyday life, no pains have been spared to make the hall, the library, and the drawing-room a series of perfect *tableaux*. Whether a play produced be old or new, whether it relate to ancient or to modern times, the zeal of Mr. C. Kean in the scenic department never allows itself to slacken.

A burst of spontaneous applause followed the termination of the piece. Mr. and Mrs. Kean came before the curtain, the lady having received a special ovation at the commencement on account of her "first appearance this season;" and finally the author was summoned to bow from his box.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The question so long in agitation, as to the possibility of restoring to the stage the original text of Shakspeare, has nowhere been more zealously tried than at Sadler's Wells, and the public interest in the experiment has been attested by the crowded audiences and profound attention, which each play on its revival, whatever the ultimate result, has called forth. Monday evening witnessed, for the first time here, the performance of *Henry the Fifth*. The play does not appear hitherto to have attained any lasting popularity on the stage. It was, we believe, revived for Edmund Kean, and was given with extraordinary splendour and completeness at Covent Garden, some years ago, by Mr. Macready, but in neither case does the public seem to have responded with much enthusiasm to the call; and although the theatre was as crowded as it always is on these occasions, we have some doubts as to the success of the experiment. King Henry, if not the finest, is certainly the most popular of all Shakspeare's heroic characters. "Harry the Fifth, the Tennis-boy of France," is not only the greatest of heroes, but the very "Prince of good fellows," and melts his crown into the common mass with an instinct that appeals at once to the very heart of humanity, when he exclaims to his soldiers before the battle of Agincourt—

"We would not die in company with that man
Who fears his fellowship to die with us."

"We few, we happy few; we band of brothers,
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition."

Not the meanest soldier whom he addresses, but knows that this is no idle hyperbole, or vain parade of words, to excite the temporary ardour of his followers, but that Henry's thoughts will, to the last breath he draws, be as true to his words, as a hermit to his holy vow. If the real Harry was like Shakspeare's portrait, he might have won the battle of Agincourt, though the odds had been fifty to one against him.* The play, however, in spite of the heroic Henry, and its other recommendations, hangs fire in the representation. Some indispensable excisions have been made by Mr. Phelps. The long introductory speeches touching the King's claim to the crown of France, have been reduced, as also the lengthy dialogue in prose in the fourth act; still the play occupies nearly three hours and a-half in the performance. In the early scenes, Mr. Phelps had but few opportunities for displaying the vehemence and energy in which he excels. His denunciation of the three rebel Lords was given with dignified repose. It is Henry's bursts of military ardour and glowing fellowship with his soldiers, that have given the character so deep a hold on the national heart—these portions of the play abound in popular passages, which were given with the impassioned force peculiar to the actor. His appearance at the head of his soldiers, before the walls of Harfleur, amidst the roar of the battle, was exceedingly picturesque, and the filing of the army into the town, after the surrender, was the best point in the pictorial part of the performance. In his scene with Katherine, Mr. Phelps was somewhat too blunt. Henry, with all his soldierly abruptness, must still be the high and chivalrous gentleman, or the poet's magnificent ideal will be marred. The description of Falstaff's death, in this play, is a singular instance of Shakspeare's power of mingling pathos with coarse humour. The speeches of the chorus are delivered from a pedestal, elevated in an antique framework. At the end of each recitation, a small silk curtain drops before the speaker, and the frame opening, displays the first scene of the act. The expedient is novel and ingenious, and was much applauded.

OLYMPIC.—On Wednesday evening, a new Drama entitled *Sarah Blangi* was produced here for the first time, and a young lady, Miss Fanny Wallack, made her *début* at this theatre in it. Both the drama and the actors were perfectly successful. The plot of the drama is as follows.—Sarah Blangi (Miss F. Wallack), has been adopted by Colonel Dumont (Mr. W. Farren), but instead of feeling grateful for this kindness, Sarah Blangi nourishes feelings of the most deadly hatred against the Colonel, by whose orders her father has been shot in the West Indies. To be revenged, she directs all her energies to effect the unhappiness of the Colonel's daughter Alice (Miss Gordon), and with this end in view, causes her to break off an intended match with Victor Duplessis (Mr. Hoskins) and marry a *roué* of the name of Julien de Cerney (Mr. W. Farren, Jun.) Contrary to her expectations, Cerney turns out a good and affectionate husband. Determined not to be thwarted, she now endeavours to inspire Cerney with jealousy by telling him that his wife loves Victor Duplessis (Mr.

* The odds were more than fifty to one against him.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Hoskins). Here again she is baffled, as Victor himself comes forward and effectually removes the slightest doubt prejudicial to Alice from Cerney's mind. Seeing that she is unable to injure Alice in her husband's estimation, Sarah Blangi determines to use means of another kind, and has recourse to the aid of a Doctor Robert (Mr. W. Shalders), who promises her a slow poison wherewith to kill her victim. This Doctor Robert has already served her by despatching a brother of Colonel Dumont in the West Indies by similar means. But there happens to be a certain Mons. Henri Vauvris (Mr. Compton), who seems to be a sort of good genius of Colonel Dumont and his family. He is a physiognomist, for one thing, and as the Doctor's physiognomy is one which is far from producing a pleasant impression on his mind, he entertains very strong suspicions about the rectitude of his conduct. In consequence of this, he watches all his actions very narrowly, and in order to arrive at the true state of affairs, uses very forcible arguments; among others a loaded pistol placed in disagreeable proximity to the Doctor's head to prevail on the Doctor to make a full disclosure. Yielding to these pressing inquiries on the part of Mons. Henri Vauvris, the Doctor makes a clean breast of it, and substitutes a harmless sleeping drink for the deadly potion he would otherwise have given. Sarah Blangi is of course unaware of this, and supposing Alice, who has taken the draught, to be poisoned, tells the Colonel what she has done and is horrified at learning that the Colonel himself, and not the person shot by his orders, is her father. She also learns that, although a murderess in intention she is not one in fact, the Colonel's brother having been saved, and being no other than Mons. Henri Vauvris. Such is an outline of the plot. The piece belongs to the romantic school, which, thank Heaven, bids fair to supersede, ere long, the dull monotonous productions to which we have so long submitted. It is palpitating with interest, and, thanks to the skilful manner in which it is constructed, holds the audience in a state of breathless suspense throughout. It was admirably supported. The fair *débutante* especially is entitled to our praise for the vigour and energy she threw into the principal part. This lady will most assuredly prove worthy of the name she bears—a name which is held in respect by all admirers of the English stage—and become a great acquisition to the theatre. The applause at the fall of the curtain was most unanimous and vociferous, and the author, Mr. Morris Barnett, bowed his acknowledgments from his private box.

SURREY.—This theatre has commenced its dramatic season with the usual prospect of a successful campaign. Among the new engagements are Mr. A. Young, and Miss Lebatt of Sadler's Wells notoriety, and Miss Wynn and Mrs. Robertson—provincial importations. The comedy of *Money*, which has been played during the week, has tested the quality of these engagements. The piece has been placed on the stage with great care. Mr. Creswick is unquestionably among the best of the current representatives of the hero. He is easy, natural, and as forcible and impulsive in the comic as in the serious side of the character. Mr. A. Young is the best Sir John Vesey we remember to have seen. The same might be said of Mr. Shepherd's Sir Frederick Blount, if he would rid it of some of its elaboration of detail. The part of Graves by Mr. Widdicombe, although too broad and grotesque for fashionable life, "hath a savour" which was highly relished by the audience. Miss Wynn gave a quiet and graceful reading of Clara. She has an excellent voice, and seems to be capable of impassioned expression; but we must see, ere

we say, more of this lady. Mrs. Robertson was a very lively and efficient representative of the vivacious and good-natured Lady Franklin. The house was full.

MARIONETTES THEATRE.—Who is Mr. W. S. Woodin? What is Mr. W. S. Woodin, who appeared at this *bondouillère* last Monday evening, with his *Sketch Book* and *Carpet-bag*? To answer the last of these interrogatories first, we will inform our readers that he is one of the phenomena of the day. Nobody ever heard of him, nobody ever suspected the existence of such a being, when all of a sudden he springs up, from somewhere or other, the pleasantest, most gentlemanly, and most accomplished artiste it is possible to imagine, exactly as the *Magni Nata Tonantis*, The mighty Thunderer's Daughter, Minerva issued full-grown from her respectable papa's brain. As to the second question, who is Mr. W. S. Woodin? we cannot so certainly say, but we are of opinion that he is related to our old friend, Proteus, and that if he takes the trouble to consult the *Heralds' College*, he may trace his genealogy up to that celebrated individual. Men's sentiments change in a remarkable manner. Our fathers laughed at Gas and phoo-phoo-ed team, and we ourselves recollect distinctly having set down Proteus as a flam. We thought it was a very good joke, but on reading the lines,

Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum:
Fiet enim subito sus horridus, atraque tigris,
Squamosusque draco, et fulva cervicis leæna,
Aut acrem flammæ sonitum dabit, atque ita vinclis
Excidet, aut in aquas tenues dilapsus abibit,

we were most forcibly struck with the conviction that Master Virgilius Naso was throwing the hatchet pretty far. But we recant. We are sorry, after what we saw on Monday last, of ever having entertained any doubt at all prejudicial to Virgil's veracity. Mr. W. S. Woodin has converted us. "Marry, how?" as the grave-digger says in *Hamlet*. Simply by effecting more wonders than Virgil ever dreamt of, even after the most indigestible of suppers. The ecclesiastical gentleman who is continually putting advertisements into the papers, to the effect that he has an infallible cure for nervousness, may shut up shop at once and retire into private life, which he was no doubt made to grace, as soon as possible. He has found a dangerous rival in the new aspirant to public favour. As for Burton, it is very lucky for him that he lived when he did, for he certainly would not have composed his *Anatomy of Melancholy* if he had not been born before the present time. Every one who had seen the *Sketch-book* and *Carpet-bag*—and every one will see it—would have scouted the idea of melancholy. Burton would have been "done out" of his subject. Mr. W. S. Woodin's entertainment consists of confidential communications which he makes to his audience concerning various persons he has met with at different periods and various scenes in connection with them. But not only does he excite roars of laughter by his descriptions, he introduces the individuals in their very habit as they lived, transforming himself with wonderful talent and astonishing celerity now into Martha Mivins, a servant-maid out of place, now into Sir Benjamin Bungle, a gentleman who has always got a good story to tell, and who invariably forgets the point of it, now into Ben Binnacle or Mrs. Muddles, and so on, *ad infinitum*, changing his look, voice and whole demeanour in so astonishing a manner that we are certain half the audience gave him credit for "humbugging" them, by the aid of some half-dozen associates. The dialogue of the entertainment is written in a most easy and flowing style,

and is so crammed with puns—of the most atrocious description, and those we know are always the best—that Doctor Johnson would have looked pretty sharply after his handkerchief and whatever change he might have had about him, were he ever to have come in contact with the lecturer. Mr. W. S. Woodin's success does not admit of a doubt. We would strongly advise all our readers to go and see him; they are sure to come away well pleased. To gentlemen from the country especially, who wish to make the most of their time, the present entertainment must prove a valuable boon, as they may see all the other lions of the metropolis without any extra charge, Mr. Woodin kindly introducing them towards the close of his *Sketch-book* and *Carpet-bag*. Among these personages we may mention a justly celebrated lecturer, who delights a British public, not a hundred miles from the Egyptian Hall, and also a whole host of favourite actors. If Mr. W. S. Woodin does not discover a most profitable gold country of his own at the end of the Lowther Arcade, we shall be much mistaken, that's all.

ST. JAMES'S DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—This Society, which has been established since 1845, and has taken a lead among the amateur dramatic societies of London—opened their campaign for the season at the Royal Soho Theatre—late Miss Kelly's—on Wednesday evening. The entertainments consisted of *The Heir at Law*, and the farce of *The Siamese Twins*. Holcroft's comedy, written upon the old English model of rural troubles and rural felicity—is admirably adapted for amateurs; and having more than once before been represented by this Society, the performance was so efficient and satisfactory as to render it difficult to believe that we were witnessing a corps of mere amateurs. Mr. A' Beckett had ample justice done to his merry caricature, the *Siamese Twins*, in which Messrs. Munro and Alexander as the twins, caused uninterrupted laughter, by their drollery and quaintness. In the National Anthem, which was sung after the first piece, the amateurs were assisted by several professionals, and we must here remark that the orchestra forms a distinguishing feature in the arrangements of this Society; the *entre actes* and intervals between the pieces being enlivened by popular musical selections, excellently played by a well organized and efficient orchestra under the direction of Mr. Purday. In the course of the evening Mr. Mowbray, who played the rustic Zekiel Homespun, in the comedy, with great spirit and gusto, and who, as we mentioned in our last number, has become the lessee of this theatre, delivered an opening address, conceived in his usual happy and terse view, and was received with acclamation, especially in his incidentally alluding to his having become lessee and announcing the liberal policy which should guide him in his government.

Original Correspondence.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S AUTOGRAPHS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I see by the *Times*, that persons are asking large sums for the autograph letters of our late lamented Hero. I possess one written to myself by the great man only last year, and being of so late a date, it will doubtless be considered of great value by some persons. The letter is for sale to any of your readers.

The subject of the letter is my sacred cantata, "Hymn of Praise for all Nations," composed in honor of the Great Exhibition; and which you have reviewed in your paper. Having obtained H.R.H. Prince Albert as a subscriber to the work, I ventured, (knowing the late Duke to be very fond of music) to request that

his Grace would do me the honour to allow his name to appear with that of the Prince, and others, as a subscriber to my little work. I was very much disappointed that the great man refused my request, but he gave me a very good reason for so doing.

If you think the autographs of the late Duke of so much value as some persons, and that this letter will interest your readers, you are at liberty to insert the same in your valuable paper.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant

Barrymore Lodge, Hungerford.
25th Oct., 1852.

THE NEW ENGLISH ORATORIOS
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The two new English Oratorios which were brought out at the Norwich Festival, have caused much interest amongst all lovers of the musical art, and I cannot help noticing the different manner each composer used in bringing his work before the public. Mr. Pierson, who appears to be a person of great excitability, used every means which a mountebank might adopt, to puff off his Oratorio, by placarding the walls of the Old City, and by paragraphs in the *Norfolk Chronicle*, and also by a pamphlet, written as an explanation of the work. Mr. Pierson also obtained the interest of Mr. Buck, the organist of the cathedral, who drilled his boys and the choir in the music of *Jerusalem*; and this gentleman, it is understood, used great exertions, to induce persons to go and hear Mr. Pierson's Oratorio on the Thursday morning of the Festival. Mr. Pierson had a right to endeavour to make his work popular; but would a *chef d'œuvre* require such means to make its merits understood, or would a true artist adopt such a mode to force his work upon the public?

Dr. Bexfield, on the contrary, used no advertisements, or any other puffing means to make his Oratorio known; nor did he even ask the organist of the Cathedral to interest himself in its behalf; but Dr. Bexfield depended on the merits of his work, and on these alone, and like a true man of genius, determined to stand or fall by his Oratorio. This is what every honourable artist would do; his noble conduct must have made a much greater impression on the public than all the mountebank plans adopted by the friends of Mr. Pierson. The committee of management ought not, perhaps, to have had two new English Oratorios, but it is believed Dr. Bexfield's *Israel Restored* was decided on some time before Mr. Pierson's *Jerusalem* was thought of; and had it not been for a few members of the committee, who were so greatly in favour of this work, it certainly would not have been brought out at Norwich. The precentor of our cathedral, it is believed, strongly supported Mr. Pierson, but judging from the selections of anthems and services used at the cathedral on a Sunday, we should think Mr. Symond's knowledge of Ecclesiastical music very limited; but the worthy precentor leaves these matters chiefly to the organist, who is indefatigable in the training of his boys.

But to return to Oratorios, we must say that every justice was done to them by the orchestra and chorus, and considering the length and difficulty of Mr. Pierson's *Jerusalem*, we think it reflects great credit on all engaged in its performance. To enter into the merits of the two compositions the space of one letter will not allow, but perhaps at a future opportunity I may give you an analysis of each. I think it is only right to say that Mr. Birk, the organist of the cathedral, showed much politeness and hospitality to the representatives of the London journals and the musical profession during the Festival week.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant

Norwich, Oct. 25th, 1852.

DR. WESLEY'S ANTHEM.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Your Constant Reader, is in error when he says the

letter signed "A Sixteen Years' Subscriber," was written by Dr. Gauntlett. It was not written by him, nor was he in any way cognizant of it. I have had no communication with Dr. G., either directly or indirectly, for nine years, and am happy now to meet him as a coadjutor in the defence of honest criticism.

If your "Constant Reader" can only look upon all opinions honestly and candidly expressed, on the merits or rather de-merits of Dr. Wesley, as a composer, in the light of "attacks on his friend," although those opinions have been couched by Dr. W.'s own conduct, which, to quote your Constant Reader, cannot be "conducive to his own prosperity and reputation," I advise him, for his own comfort, to persuade the learned, but very thin-skinned Doctor, to eschew Festivals and keep himself secure in the cloisters of Winchester Cathedral, where perhaps the critics would not trouble him, and where he may live and die unheard, and almost unseen.

Why should reviewers spare him any more than others? Who can justly deny that the criticisms in the *Times* and *Musical World*, as also most of the other leaders of the press, on Mr. H. Pierson's, and Dr. Bexfield's new Oratorios were just?

In spite of Mr. H. H. Pierson, and his injudicious friends, every word was true, and though Mr. Pierson has been "kicking against the pricks," Dr. Bexfield has been wise enough to keep silence, and will, I doubt not, profit by the criticism.

By the bye, why does not Dr. Wesley write an Oratorio, and not stake his reputation on an old Anthem, written nearly twenty years ago?

As no doubt your "Constant Reader" thinks Dr. Wesley's letter in the *Birmingham Gazette* is "conducive to his prosperity and reputation," I earnestly hope you will not let such false and unfounded statements as that letter conveys, remain unpunished; to deny them would be too contemptible.

I am, Sir,
Yours obediently,

"A Subscriber of Sixteen Years' Standing."

DR. WESLEY'S ANTHEM.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In a recent number of the *Musical World* Mr. W. Spark inquired whether "A Subscriber" could tell us anything about the author of an article published in your Journal in 1836, in which the compositions of Dr. Wesley are spoken of in most approving terms.

To this inquiry an answer appears in your last week's impression; to which, in lieu of the previous signature, "A Subscriber," is appended the name of "Henry John Gauntlett."

To account for the entire change in that gentleman's estimation of the productions of Dr. Wesley, Dr. Gauntlett explains that he has been through "a long course of study" at Beethoven; and adds, "surely this lapse of time (nearly twenty years) has had its effect upon Dr. Wesley also." This may or may not be the case. We will however suppose that Dr. Wesley has been quite idle, and that Dr. Gauntlett has been as busy at Beethoven as he asserts. The proposition I have to make, is this; that Dr. Gauntlett should forward to some competent authority hereafter to be agreed upon, one of his latest compositions in which the purification attendant on "nearly twenty years' study at Beethoven" has been brought to bear, for comparison, with some youthful production of Dr. Wesley's; and let the result decide the question whether the bitter attacks to which the latter gentleman has been subjected for a long series of years have been merited or not.

As Dr. Gauntlett says he is only interested in this matter "as a composer," he can scarcely object to this.

In the meantime it may not prove uninteresting to refer to some of Dr. Gauntlett's recent literary effusions, with the view of ascertaining what may be the fruits of his more matured judgment in that particular walk.

In the number of the now defunct "Church Musician" for October, 1850, is an article under the head of "Stupid Anthem Music," said to be from the pen of Dr. Gauntlett, in which the advice is given, "get rid of the dancing movement of Humphreys, Wise, Blow, Purcell, &c." and then the inquiry is made, "can we avoid perceiving the crudeness of Purcell's melody, the poverty

and thiminess of his instrumentation, or the puerility and imperfection in his works?"

In the *Musical World* for October the 2nd, 1852, *A Subscriber* writes "the works of our English Church writers give evidence of profound and original thought; even in the earliest of them, however antiquated and rude they may now appear to us, and however unfit for models they may now be, there are means and effects which were new in their day, and consequently render them, inasmuch as they aided the progress of the science, interesting to a musician."

Dr. Gauntlett's deliberate impression therefore appears to be, after nearly twenty years' study at Beethoven, — that the works of our English Church writers are "interesting to a musician," are "puerile and imperfect," "give evidence of profound and original thought," and are "stupid!"

These conclusions appear, certainly, to lack "unity of conception," but then there is no knowing the extent to which apparently opposed things may sometimes be reconciled by recourse to "counterpoint in the twelfth."

If Dr. Gauntlett should accept the proposition I have made at the commencement of this letter, I shall hope, for his own sake, that as much may be said of his musical productions, as can be said of many of his literary, and with the greatest sincerity; namely, that although their author has not stood very particular about a "phrase" or two, here and there, yet they are by no means wanting in "design."

In the first of his two letters, "Henry John" expresses a hope that Spohr "did not intend to convey a sarcasm" in his testimonial to Dr. Wesley, and "to raise an impression that since composers in England in general know so little of harmony or melody, he was rather pleased to find there was one who knew something of both." Assuming Henry John's interpretation to be correct, it amounts to this, that there is one in England who understands both harmony and melody, and that one is *not* Dr. Gauntlett.

Now bearing in mind the very exalted position in the musical profession Dr. Gauntlett has invariably assigned to himself, it is not perhaps to be wondered at that praise or distinction awarded to others should appear inexplicable to him. A "criticism, to be fair and just," ought, so it would seem, to place Dr. Gauntlett first in the van; and as Dr. Spohr for one has not done this, "Henry John" writes, with more of self-complacency than modesty, "I cannot understand Dr. Spohr's testimonial."

Permit me to suggest in conclusion, that Dr. Gauntlett would be much more becomingly engaged in working away at Beethoven, than in dictating to others what they should repudiate or what they should accept.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient,
VERITAS.

DR. WESLEY'S ANTHEM.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Owing to the pressure of my engagements, I was unable last week to reply to your Leeds correspondent.

Mr. Spark is somewhat discursive in his style. Such desultory information—"Dr. Wesley's freshest and most agreeable compositions were produced at Hereford;"—"The organ at Hereford Cathedral was rebuilt by Bishop . . . Adaptations resemble translations," &c., &c.,—could have been well spared. Mr. Spark endeavours also to prop up his panegyric with the opinions of other gentlemen. I reply at once that I cannot accept either the observation of "An able Organist" with reference to the instrumentation, or the fact of Mr. Henry Smart having, some time since, written a critique upon the anthem, as a refutation of any one objection advanced in my former letter. With regard to the *Musical World* of 1836, "it oddly enough happens" that the chorus "instantly as a specimen of the true sublime, is not the one mentioned by me, as a model of the other sublime." Mr. Spark should be a little more cautious before appearing in print.

Having then, Sir, placed aside the information so obligingly given of Dr. Wesley's age, of Hereford Cathedral, &c., &c.,

cleared away the long and clumsy quotation upon the sublime, and having shown that Mr. Spark committed a great blunder in mistaking the chorus, "For in the Wilderness," for the fugue following, "And the ransom'd of the Lord," the task of answering Mr. Spark is a very simple one.

My opponent explains "the dry conventional course invariably adopted by both ancient and modern ecclesiastical composers" to be, the employment of a figured bass for the organ accompaniment. This is a very lame defence. Mr. Spark did not confine himself to one country, or within any period; he accused every Church writer, "both ancient and modern," of "invariably adopting a dry conventional course;" and now I ask what this dry conventional course is, he refers me to the figured basses and "tiddling organ passages" of the *Old English Masters*. Why, Sir, admitting all that Mr. Spark insinuates, or even much more, I am still very far from perceiving that dry conventional course invariably adopted.

I might with equal justice assert that those two giants in the art, Seb. Bach and Handel, "invariably adopted a dry conventional course" because they were unacquainted with, and consequently did not write for, a modern orchestra. Besides, the criticism in the *Times* which I attempted to prove, was not so "untenable" as Mr. Spark stated, and in reference to the work as a motet with orchestral accompaniments, I cannot compliment Mr. Spark on his great logical powers. My antagonist next tells me that all the movements, *accepting the first*, are new in form. I reply, excepting the semi-chorus mentioned in my last letter, there is not even an ordinary amount of ingenuity, much less "the utmost originality of form," in any portion of the work. It would have been perhaps as well, had Mr. Spark pointed out the particular novelties of construction.

Assertions are convenient weapons in a controversy.

Mr. Spark requests me to name any *Church Anthem* having a recitative for chorus. This is a piece of sophistry. Every one of your musical readers must know that Bach and Handel employed the choral recit.

Your correspondent proceeds to state that by transition of pitch, I mean "enharmonic change," (I mean no such thing), and, to prove the term, transition of pitch "absurd," gives a definition of the word, pitch. Now, listen for one moment, Sir. "Pitch," Mr. Spark says, "is the relative acuteness or gravity of any key (not tone) to concert or standing pitch." So then, pitch is the relative acuteness or gravity of a key to itself. I need not pursue the absurdities to which this preposterous definition, or the equally ridiculous illustration, conducts. Mr. Spark might have borrowed a better explanation from an ordinary English dictionary. Baillie defines pitch—"stature or height." Walker says—"state with regard to highness or lowness," and as applied to music with regard to acuteness or gravity. Pitch, is, therefore, that peculiar quality of tone resulting from the degree of rapidity in the isochronous vibrations; and is to sound what place is to bodies.

I think Mr. Spark will not, upon examination, find the term so absurd as he imagined. So much for my adversary's philosophical acuteness! Mr. Spark states that Bach and Spohr have used the progression which I pronounce to be harsh. If your readers have any doubts upon the point let them compare the three authors. To speak of "what Dr. Wesley might have done with his two fine and finely contrasted subjects" is ridiculous. The subjects are bad, are not contrasted, as I proved in my former letter, and do not admit of ingenious treatment.

I beg to refer Mr. Spark to the Fugue in Mozart's Requiem as an example of what may be done in less than eighty-nine bars. By your last number I perceive that Dr. Wesley has expended a portion of his wrath against the London press in a provincial paper. I am a little surprised at this; for, if it be true that Dr. Wesley performed the extempore Fugue, which he played at a former Birmingham festival, afterwards at Lee Church, he has received more than justice from the metropolitan journals.

I remain, Sir,

Yours obediently,

A SUBSCRIBER.

MR. GEORGE TEDDER AT PLYMOUTH.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Allow me to call your attention to a few errors in the account of the recent concert at Plymouth, which appeared in the *Musical World* of last week under the head of "Music at Plymouth." I may observe, *en passant*, that your "own Correspondent" has drawn largely for his version of the concert from the *Plymouth Herald*—but whether he is the "Correspondent" of that paper also, it is not for me to determine.

As I wish to be brief on the subject, and to spare your valuable space, I will merely allude to three or four of that gentleman's lyrical mistakes.

Firstly—Your correspondent says, "Mr. George Tedder's air, 'Il mio tesoro,' was but mediocre. There is a want of volubility (?) in his style." Now, as I happen to have been present on the occasion, I must unreservedly assure you that the beautiful air in question was greatly applauded by a very numerous audience, whose opinion seemed entirely to contrast with that of your correspondent.

Further, your correspondent observes, that "Mr. Tedder's range is rather limited." If so, how could he have executed an *aria* which every musical tyro knows demands a wider range of voice than many of the operatic tenor songs, written for a high modern tenor. To my knowledge, Mr. Tedder can sing from C in the chest* to B flat, and this I believe is generally pretty well known in the profession, amongst whom I can only conclude your Plymouth correspondent does not rank.

Again—your correspondent remarks in his account of the second part of the concert, that "Mr. George Tedder followed with an Italian Romanza, by Donizetti 'Angiol d' Amore,' which, perhaps, I may as well inform the correspondent, is from the popular opera of *La Favorita*, of which, I presume, he is ignorant. Moreover he says, "But we were not particularly struck with it." Whether your correspondent alludes to the air or to Mr. Tedder's execution of it, I cannot determine; but I do think, that, in justice to a vocalist whose reputation is made to a great extent, your correspondent ought to express himself clearly either one way or the other.

Finally, your correspondent alludes somewhat strangely to the substitution of Mr. Tedder of the "Death of Nelson," for another song, inasmuch as he implies what he is scarcely justified in doing. He says, "Mr. G. Tedder substituted, without apology, the 'Death of Nelson,'" which seems to be an endeavour to throw an onus on Mr. Tedder which he does not deserve, because no apology was required, as the audience were thoroughly satisfied; in which satisfaction your correspondent has partaken, since he declares that in this song Mr. Tedder "appeared to greater advantage," and that "he seemed to be more at home" in it.

So much, Sir, for the correct version of the concert, as given by your "own correspondent" at Plymouth.

Permit me to add, that as I was present at the concert, I can answer for the truth as to the very favourable reception given to Mr. Tedder, and I can bring forward numerous friends to prove the correctness of my assertion. But it seems to me, that there is a certain influence reigning at Plymouth, that is ready to pluck from Mr. Tedder the laurels he has justly earned.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Yours obliged,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Plymouth, October 20, 1852.

* [What does our correspondent mean by C in the chest?—ED.]

Provincial.

BRIGHTON.—ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—The concert on Thursday evening week commenced with Weber's overture to *Oberon*. It would be useless to speak here of the merits and wonderful beauties of a composition like that, so thoroughly known throughout the world; but we may state that the performance of it was perfect, as was that of the operatic fantasia, on themes from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, which followed. A duet was also

very sweetly executed by Messrs Maycock and Larkin—clarinet and bassoon. The allegretto movement from Beethoven's great symphony in F was so delicately and beautifully performed as to draw forth a rapturous encore—a rare thing for concerted music. A solo on the cornet-a-piston, by Mr. T. Harper, consisting of variations on the theme, "My lodging is on the cold ground," was perfectly executed and warmly applauded. An overture from the *Prison d'Edinbourg*, by Carafa, was one of those pleasing compositions that remind one of Cimarosa, in which harmony waits on numberless melodies, following each other with ease and elegance, and in which mere noise is never intruded. It was very perfectly and delightfully executed. The gem of the evening, however, was Spohr's very learned—perhaps too learned to be generally popular—and extremely difficult grand Nonetto. The themes are at times dispersed among all the nine different instruments, and the harmonies are so delicate that they require the nicest touch and ear to blend them in tune effectively. It was performed in such a style as might be expected under the leadership of such a master of his art as Mr. Cooper. The second part of the concert was opened with Mozart's overture to *Zauberflöte*, conducted by Mr. Mellon, and, with the same number of instruments, it was never better performed. Several other dainty pieces followed; and a solo on the flute by Mr. Pratten was excellently performed and loudly applauded. The first part of the concert last (Friday) night consisted entirely of selections from Mendelssohn's works, including the only violin concerto he ever composed, which was splendidly performed by Mr. H. C. Cooper. The concert concluded with that wonderful work, "The Midsummer Night's Dream," which places Mendelssohn, as an instrumental composer, on an equality with the greatest that ever lived, and struck the audience with amazement. The room was filled to suffocation up to the platform. "Midsummer Night's Dream" was repeated on Monday. —*Brighton Herald*.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER (from our own Correspondent).—Our short notice of the Glee and Madrigal Union here last week arrived too late no doubt for insertion, perhaps you can make room for it this week. On Monday last, in spite of a wet, unpleasant evening, the third of the People's Concerts, or, as they are here popularly called, Monday Night Concerts, was as crowded as before; there was no falling off at all, the three penny gods were as numerous as ever, and we are glad to say, far better behaved. They only encored two songs, one in each part. The only difference I noticed was in the reserved seats, which were well filled, but not to require additional forms, or full to overflowing, as on the opening night. The concert was altogether a good one. The chorus deserve especial praise, having a good deal to do, and without exception all was well done. The following list will show how various and arduous was the task allotted them for the night:—Bishop's male voice chorus, "Hark, each Spartan hound"—Festa's Madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale"—Hunting chorus (by desire), "Now morning advancing," Mendelssohn—Glee (full choir), "Where the bee sucks," Dr. Arne—"The Tramp Chorus," Bishop—Chorus from *Sonnambula*, "Here we'll rest," Bellini—Glee (full choir), "O hills, O vales of pleasure," Mendelssohn—Chorus glee (full choir), "Say not so, friar," Percy—and as a finale, "Away, away, the morn is freshly breaking," from *Masaniello*, Anber, in all nine pieces. It reflects great credit on the management, especial credit to the worthy conductor, Mr. Banks, and no less credit to the select but effective choir of thirty-two voices, that these should all have been given with due regard to their different style and character. In listening to Mendelssohn's hunting chorus, which I then heard for the first time, I could not help regretting that the evidently dramatic bent of his genius should not have had time to expand and develop itself in opera, cut off as he was in his prime, just as he was about to complete his first mature essay in that ample field. Alas! poor Mendelssohn! whom have we left to fill the place he left vacant? The chorus in question is admirably descriptive of its subject, "the chase," and is by no means easy to sing, yet it went very smoothly and correctly. Mendelssohn's Glee in the second part, called "The departure," totally opposite to the other in its character,

with its plaintive strain, had no less justice done to it; but we shall fill our space with talking about the chorus, which would be a poor compliment to the principal singers, Mrs. Sunderland, and Messrs. Perring and Delavanti, who also acquitted themselves most satisfactorily. The first piece calling for remark was a four-voice glea of Stevens's, the well known "From Oberon in fairy land," which deserves notice for the nice manner in which it was given by Mrs. Sunderland and Messrs. Travis, Perring, and Craig. The passage,

"And to our fairy king and queen
We chant our moonlight minstrelsy,"

was exquisitely done. Mrs. Sunderland's most successful display was in "Eve's lamentation," an air with recitative by King; it was most rapturously and deservedly encored. Mr. Perring gave the scena from *Sonnambula*, "All is lost now," with good expression and sweetness, but lacking in power and passion. Mr. Delavanti was encored in Russell's Irish ballad, "Widow Malone," and substituted "Simon the Cellarer," which last we liked best of the two. The "All idea," to English words, from *Il Barbiere*, was given too with good effect by Messrs. Perring and Delavanti, and the concert concluded—thanks to the moderation in encores—at the reasonable hour of ten minutes past ten o'clock.

Miscellaneous.

HACKNEY LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—A vocal and Instrumental Concert was given here on Wednesday evening, the 27th instant, when the following artists appeared:—Mrs. Alex-

ander Newton, the Misses Brougham, Miss Ward. Messrs. Welling, R. Ward, Kreutzer, and Lawler. Mrs. A. Newton was encored, but did not repeat, "Let the bright Seraphim." The trumpet obligato was well played by Mr. R. Ward. Similar honour was paid to her two other songs, the Irish melody, "Robin Adair," and a new song, "Something to love me;" Mr. Lawler ditto, in "Lo the Factotum;" the Misses Brougham in "Our merry Swiss Home;" and Herr Kreutzer, in his violin solos, gave immense satisfaction. The same may be said of Miss Eliza Ward, on the pianoforte (a fine one of Broadwood's). The room was crowded, though the night was rainy and tempestuous; but the bill of fare drew a good and fashionable attendance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We have not measured Herr Hausmann, and Signor Bottesini, ergo, cannot inform correspondent of their exact stature. Both artists are decidedly tall—six-footers and upwards—and both much of a size, especially Herr Hausmann. This much we can avow, that Signor Bottesini's instrument is the tallest. Perhaps, as correspondent is so eager to ascertain the inches of the two gentlemen, Signor Bottesini and Herr Hausmann might enclose their respective heights to us, which we shall publish incontinent. Meanwhile, we shall back Herr Hausmann—at 2 to 1.

A-B-A. O-T-Y.—We do not mistake the Fragments for Rhodomontade, nor do we call them unmeaning, but we do not understand them in the least. If the fair poetess would afford us the smallest clue to their meaning, we should be happy to insert them.

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